

Royal Academy

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THE    FOR

THE

Room 58

O P E N I N G

OF THE

11602.99.32

NEW EXHIBITION ROOM,

1-7

OF

Great Britain

The Royal Incorporated Society

OF

ARTISTS OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

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. ingenuas didicisse fideliter Artes
Emollit mores nec finit esse ferros.

OVID.

L O N D O N.

Printed by HARRIOT BUNCE, Printer to the SOCIETY.

MDCCLXXII.

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THE FOR

OF THE
OPENING

NEW EXHIBITION ROOM

The Royal Institution

ARTISTS OF BRITAIN



THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

OVER

OF THE

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

ASSOCIATION

THE ODE.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

Mr. Reinhold.

'T was where grim Mars with ruin strew'd the plain,
And wide display'd the terrors of his reign,

A I R.

While Discord wav'd her crimson wings,
Dripping with the blood of kings,
Britannia wept---forlorn to see
Death revel 'midst her progeny;

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

Then ask'd of Heav'n, to *temper*, not *debase*,
The savage fierceness of her warlike race.

A I R.

Mrs. Weichsell.

Ye Powers! soothe a mother's care;
Propitious to a mother's pray'r!
Oh grant a boon, that may assuage
My martial island's burning rage!
The Pen, the Pencil, and the Lyre,
Might gentler bravery inspire,
And manners mild infuse----
Then send, O HEAV'N, the MUSE!

RECITATIVE, *accompanied:**Mr. Vernon.*

Her pray'r prevail'd--from Heav'n the Muse descends,
And in her train each lib'ral Art attends.

A I R.

Mrs. Mattocks.

In softer murmurs let the hills
Pour down fresh Heliconian rills!
Ye vales, with groves of laurel swell;
With you now deigns the Muse to dwell!

C H O R U S.

Hark! thro' the enchanted isle,
The choir of Phœbus sings!
'They teach the warrior's brow to smile,
And tame the hearts of kings!

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

Mr. Vernon.

The *Sister of the Pencil* came
With these---another and the same---
She came, and lent her plastic hand
To humanize the savage land:

A I R.

Iris on her steps attended,
And the mimic colours blended.

CHORUS.

Hail! wond'rous Art! whose pow'r is such,
With mightiest magic fraught,
It gives; with a Promethean Touch,
To Colour---Life and Thought!

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

Mrs. Weichsell.

Not Ægypt's skill so well can save,
And give th' Form t' elude the Grave;

AIR.

When Fate condemns, thy hand reprieves;
And, after death, the *Person* lives!
Vain are the ravages of Time;
Thy pencil gives eternal prime!
When Delia moulders in the tomb,
On Canvass she retains her bloom!

RECITATIVE.

Mr. Reinbold.

From Thee a new creation grew,
Adorn'd with ev'ry living hue
That Phœbus' orb illumine;
The *moral qualities*, no more
Abstracted notions, as before,
A *person'd shape* assume!

A I R.

Each *Passion*, by the pencil drest,
Is better to the mind exprest,
Than in the writer's page;
And *Virtues*, which with languor pine,
When pedant moralists define,
In cherub forms engage.

A I R.

Mrs. Mattocks.

PICTURE, music of the eye,
Might tempt a seraph from the sky
'Mid kindred forms on earth to roam,
And think it his celestial home.

R C I T A T I V E A N D A I R.

Mr. Vernon.

Less is the ardour cold narration gives,
Or Tome historic kindles in the breast,
Than when the war in glowing colours lives,
And heroes on the canvass-field contest;
And less energetic holy Prelates' call
To penitence, than Raphael's pictur'd Paul.

A I R.

What were life without the MUSE?
---Toil that wisdom would refuse---
Nought of living but the breath,
Days of blood, and nights of death.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Mrs. Weichsell.

Genius of arts! here turn thy eyes;
Behold to Thee this Temple rise!
Lo! thy priests, a sacred band,
'Round thy altar musing stand!

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

Mrs. Mattocks.

The sweet enthusiasts deign inspire,
And fill their breasts with thoughts of fire!
When living tablets they design,
Stamp thou Thyself on ev'ry line!

A I R.

Teach the passions how to glow,
And Virtue's comely semblance shew!
Bid her ev'ry charm unfold,
And men reform as they behold!

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

Mr. Reinhold.

Let Vice with Gorgon terrors scare,
And bid her Votaries---beware:
Open Clio's brightest page,
Where Honour's noblest deeds engage!

To make their Charms still more inflame,
Contrast them with the shade of Shame!

A I R.

Mr. Vernon.

Let Brutus here each danger brave,
And Cæsar stab his Rome to save!
There teams of slaves, in Tyrants' chain,
Teach Britons slav'ry to disdain;
And from Britannia's annals bring
The Portrait of a Patriot King!

QUARTETTO.

Albion thus thy gifts possessing,
Shall abound in ev'ry blessing;
Greater shall her Monarchs be,
Nobler her nobility!
To patriots shall her peasants turn,
And with the love of freedom burn.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

Mr. Vernon.

The Pow'r descends! From his auspicious nod
The Temple lives, and shews the present God!

CHORUS.

Behold! the Arts around us bloom,
And this Muse-devoted Dome
Rival the works of Athens, and of Rome!

